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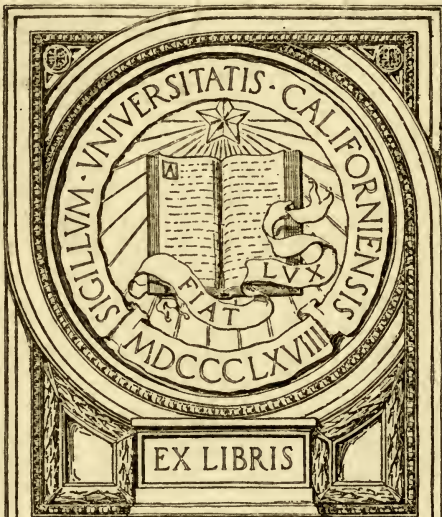
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War Verses

O Sunny Land of France

..and..

The Shining Sword of the Hun

Laura Bell Everett
Elizabeth Abbey Everett

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Laura Bell Everett

Elizabeth Abbey Everett.

LITTLE VOLUME OF VERSE IS WORK OF OAKLAND WOMEN

Oakland
Tribune

Laura Bell Everett and Elizabeth Abbey Everett Pub-
lished *2632 Regent Dish Poems as Gift Book*

As a holiday gift to their friends, two Oakland women, teachers in our schools, have preserved in permanent form some of the graceful and forceful verse for which they are known. Laura Bell Everett and Elizabeth Abbey Everett may well share the pride of the recipients in the little volume of "War Verses," so modestly issued and so worthy of dissemination.

One finds in the little book many verses for which he may thank the local writers for having made accessible and which would seem to invite a larger publication.

It is Elizabeth Abbey Everett who has taken the words of the former kaiser, "We will strike with our shining sword" as subject for a poem of which the following is a part:
"We will strike with our shining sword,"

The world's arch-criminal said,
But the lifted sword shone not in the sun;

It was stained with a sodden red,
Not with the blood of the battle's flood,

But of women and children dead.

The blade gleamed not; it was dark with rust,

Red rust from the salty spray,
Where ships unwarned had plunged to their doom,

His ocean-tigers' prey,
And the blood of those who were not his foes

In rust on his sword-blood lay.

And this from Laura Bell Everett is typical of her command of meter and expression:

War 'calls and drowns the kind command

Of leace to plow, to plant the trees,
Press back the marge of desert land,
And widen out the oases.

Home vainly begs its brave to stay,
Can they be needed more afar?

The bugles sound; in armed array
They wind the skein of grievous war.

The cities need their brave to clear
The spots with foulness overgrown
And call for those who know not fear

To work where only fear is known.
The art of living we would know;

The arts of death our souls abhor.
Stay men; but even now they go

To weave the web of woeful war.

The verse ends with these lines:
War calls. Sword clasped and flag unfurled,

Our heroes fight the fight afar,
To draw true peace for all the world
From out the skein of grievous war.

There are only nine poems in the little book but they denote a thoughtful delection and a pleasing variety. Those to whom the little books have gone have already known the writers as creators of finished serve. It is to be regretted that the little volume, published as it is, will not make a far wider acquaintanceship.—A. B. S.

("War Verves," by Laura Bell Everett and Elizabeth Abby Everett.)

O SUNNY LAND OF FRANCE.

Dedicated to the United States Ambulance Corps.

O SUNNY land of France, the past,
A Midas, touched your riches vast,
And ours they are in storied song,
Castle, cathedral, arch and wall,
Château and town,—the pictures throng,
All touched with gleams of old romance,
And scintillant with magic all;
Fair land of memory, sunny France.

O Land of Leal, that in those years,
When we were struggling to be free,
Befriended us, our doubts and fears
Dispelled, O France, and liberty
Made possible; your brotherhood
Can we forget? You recognized
Our right to freedom. How you prized
And later purchased with your blood
Fraternity and equal good!
You helped us break that hated thing,
The leash of a most German king!

And if, O France, in fiercest throes
Against your autocrats, your bane,
Part living, partly dead, that froze
Your country in a cold mortmain,—
If you stayed not the vengeful hand,
We who have never known such thrall
Judge not, because we know not all;
Leave those to judge who understand.

O land of valiant hearts and true,
Your ancient wounds are open torn;
A foe is at your throat, and through

The carnage of your land forlorn,
You uncomplaining press the while,
Your camouflage a cheery smile.

If we have come with halting tread,
A tardy helper at the hour,
Forgive us that so slow we read
The menace of a Christless power.

O Land of Bayard, stainless knight,
Without reproach or fear,
We send you men as stainless quite,
Those whom our hearts hold dear.
They go to aid democracy,
To lift on undishonored shields
The wounded from the battlefields;
Knights of a new humanity!

We tread the soil of western slopes;
We hold us here as they advance,
The while each heart, its prayers and hopes
Is with them in the land of France.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

THE SHINING SWORD OF THE HUN.

“WE will strike with our shining sword,”*

The world's arch-criminal said,
But the lifted sword shone not, in the sun;
It was stained with a sodden red,
Not with the blood of the battle's flood,
But of women and children dead.

The blade gleamed not; it was dark with rust,
Red rust from the salty spray,
Where ships unwarned had plunged to their doom,
His ocean-tigers' prey,
And the blood of those who were not his foes
In rust on his sword-blade lay.

Discolored with liquid fire,
And dimmed with the choking breath
Of men who lie in the air of Heaven,
Unwounded, but done to death,
The sword hung dim in the vapors grim
That Hell's pit vomiteth.

The Turkish scimitar once gleamed
Aloft on the battle-plain;
Now foul as a butcher's blood-smeared ax
It ever shall remain,—
No flash has it won from the shining sun
Since it bore Armenia's stain.

So, till to a plowshare shall be forged
The darkened sword of the Hun
And in service to man is scoured away
The stains of the evil done,
The ruthless sword of the Hunnish horde
Shall never shine in the sun.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

* From the speech of the German Kaiser to his army, Dec. 24, 1917.

THE SKEIN OF GRIEVOUS WAR.

Iliad xiv:86.

WAR calls and drowns the kind command
Of Peace to plow, to plant the trees,
Press back the marge of desert land,
And widen out its oases.
Home vainly begs its brave to stay,
Can they be needed more afar?
The bugles sound; in armed array
They wind the skein of grievous war.
The cities need their brave to clear
The spots with foulness overgrown,
And call for those who know not fear
To work where only fear is known.
The art of living we would know;
The arts of death our souls abhor.
Stay, men! But even now they go
To weave the web of woeful war.

Why go? Because a once-loved land,
A land we trusted, overseas,
To whom we turned with friendly hand,
Who held, we felt, Life's potent keys,
Has sheltered in its bosom deep
A viper which has stung to death
The warmth we loved. Its poisons creep
Through every vein. The very breath
Of this great land we once held dear
Is deadly, and its venom grown
A peril every land must fear,
A sudden menace to our own.
War calls. Sword clasped and flag unfurled,
Our heroes fight the fight afar,
To draw true peace for all the world
From out the skein of grievous war.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

ARMENIA.

WHEN clang the brazen gates of War,
When the long roar of guns shall cease,
When on the mountain-tops afar
The winds shall chant the psalm of Peace,
When nations hail a brighter day,
Thou, Lord of nations, heed Armenia!

Kindle on their own altar-place
Those embers blackening on the plain;
Restore a martyred Christian race,
Nor make a people's crucifixion vain.
Who stooped thy Godhead to our clay,
Thou, God of martyrs, crown Armenia!

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

EUCCHARIST.

TODAY we gather round the table spread
And widened that our brave Allies may eat.
We gladly serve to them the golden wheat
And willing choose the darker grain instead.
Now as the valiant nations thus are fed,
Amid the raging of the battle's heat,
Sit Thou among us in Thine ancient seat,
And Thine own peace upon the table shed.

Oh, grant that in the day about to break
The widened tables shall include our foe,
Who open-eyed shall see the better way
And having seen it, evil shall forsake;
Grant that all gather at the board and know
Freedom, love, brotherhood, in that new day.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

SEPARATION.

(The voice of the mothers to their soldier sons.)

I STRETCH mine empty arms to thee,
Dear heart, so far away, yet near:
I list—too far for me to hear;
I look—too far for me to see.
Yet thou art near; all miles are brief
Though thrice the belt of earth were told.
If clouds of hate between us rolled,
Then were we far, in hopeless grief!

Then were we far. We laugh at miles;
They hide our faces, not our hearts;
Hate is the only power that parts;
Love links the widest sundered isles.
Near are we, though from start to star;
The only power to separate
In all God's universe is hate,
And loving we cannot be far.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

THE FALLEN AVIATOR.

THE dread of the voiceless and dim,
The dread of the silent and far
Shall I feel? I shall travel to Him
Who guideth each planet and star.
I have risen through realms of the air
Where winds of the earth have not blown,
Where winds of the earth never fare;
If I feared not in venturing there
Shall I fear in the greater Unknown?

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

AN ALARM FOR THE KITCHEN POLICE.

THERE'S something we're missing these days very
sorely,

For efficiency surely is on the decrease;
Our kitchens and pantries are lacking the service
Of vigilant Kitchen Police.

No sly, lurking mince pie, no insolent cookies
Might work their fell purpose in peace
While we had on duty such wholly efficient
And vigorous Kitchen Police.

No indolent cream could curdle in comfort,
No turbulent cake might harangue from the shelves;
Both pantry and kitchen were kept from congestion
While our Kitchen Police were on duty themselves.

And since their departure, so great the confusion,
The crowding of pantries has grown so immense
With no Kitchen Police to reduce them to order,
To Hoover each dish is our only defense.

With no Sunday night raids on left-overs from
dinner
To keep in subjection each saucer and pan,
Official assistance was asked by housekeepers;
All dainties the government placed under ban.

The old system was best, and we cannot deny it,
For pantries do best with a censor apiece;
The homes of the country are waiting expectant,
Triumphant return of the Kitchen Police.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

RESURGENCE.

ALL truth is crucified," we said;
"The right is crushed. There lifts its head
Evil triumphant and elate.
The forces of the dark await
The final word that Truth is dead."

The Spirit of the Time-to-be,
Of brotherhood, of manhood free,
Spoke to a prostrate world in tears;
"Be not afflicted. Quell thy fears.
Behold the place where over-sea,—
Europe a charnel-house—they laid
And guarded Him. Be not afraid
For He is risen. Every sun
That sees a deed of service done,
A brother's heart by kindness swayed,
Proclaims His resurrection known
Not in graved tower of piléd stone,
But in the every act that can
Bring near the Brotherhood of Man."

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

THE TRANSPORT.

AN acre of prows and shifting keels,
A forest of funnels far and wide,
At the dock a space that an hour will fill
Where a transport rocked on the restless tide.

A spumy scar on the soon-healed sea,
A gleam far out as it fades from view,
But my World has sailed through the harbor gate
And vanished into the blue.

ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT.

A paean of Peace through the world sounds again
Good will and good works to the children of men.

CAMPANILE.

A shaft, it rises toward the encircling blue,
Beauty and grace summoned from shapeless stone,
To link these passing hours with those to be,
While mingled tides from every land and clime
Full-freighted come and go, recede and swell
Around the bases of this quiet tower.
Down the long vista of the years that wait
Beyond our view, its bells shall count the hours,
When we and all this swelling tide of life
Have dwindled to an epoch and a name.
In that far time, when broader skies shall bend
And life, unfettered, spread exultant wing
On heights of truth toward which we vainly grope,
When all the distant, purple-shadowed bound
Of our strained vision's farthest scope and verge
Lies close and clear to knowledge-widened eyes,
How much of good that we have striven to lift
Must fall away; much counted ill shall rise
In altered form to serve the age's need!
And men shall turn from that far eminence
To measure by set rule, to peer and probe,
Proclaiming, "This their custom: such their laws."

CAMPANILE.

And swift, it rises toward the encircling blue,
Beauty and grace summoned from shapeless stone,
To link these passing hours with those to be,
While mingled tides from every land and clime
Full-freighted come and go, recede and swell
Around the bases of this quiet tower.
Down the long vista of the years that wait
Beyond our view, its bells shall count the hours,
When we and all this swelling tide of life
Have dwindled to an epoch and a name.
In that far time when broader skies shall bend
And life, unlettered, spread exultant wing
On heights of truth toward which we vainly grope,
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Must fall away; much counted ill shall rise
In altered form to serve the age's need!
And men shall turn from that far eminence
To measure by set rule, to peer and probe,
Proclaiming, "This their custom: such their law."

All that now is, the beauty and the pain
Of this deep, throbbing, many-arteried life,
The joyous stretch of soul in the full breath
Of truth, new-wrested, eager plans whose fate
The world's fair future seems to sway in poise,
Shall be to them crude blocks whereby the race
Has clambered to the levels whence they gaze.

So let it be. The blossom's rosy bell
Whose veined petals and deep-nectared cup
Pollen-emburdened, make for insect hordes
Their little world must wither, fade and die
And only the brown stony seed remain.
Yet those for whom far distant suns shall flame
Through aureoled windows and on tiled roofs,
And fretted traceries of silent stone,
For whom the bells shall count the passing hours
The eager, fervid hours, the anxious hours,
The tranquil hours, the happy golden hours-
May turn to meditate on those past years
Wherein this ancient, sun-kist tower was young:
Bridge the long intervals that intervene,
And dimly read the record of the years,
So find through all, the self-same strife, the aim
To bring our lives to unison with law.

Elizabeth A. Everett

All that now is, the beauty and the pain
Of this deep, throbbing, many-arteried life,
The agonous stretch of soul in the full breath
Of truth, new-wrested, eager glass whose fate
The world's fair future seems to sway in poise,
Shall we to them crude blocks whereby the race
Has clambered to the levels whence they gaze.

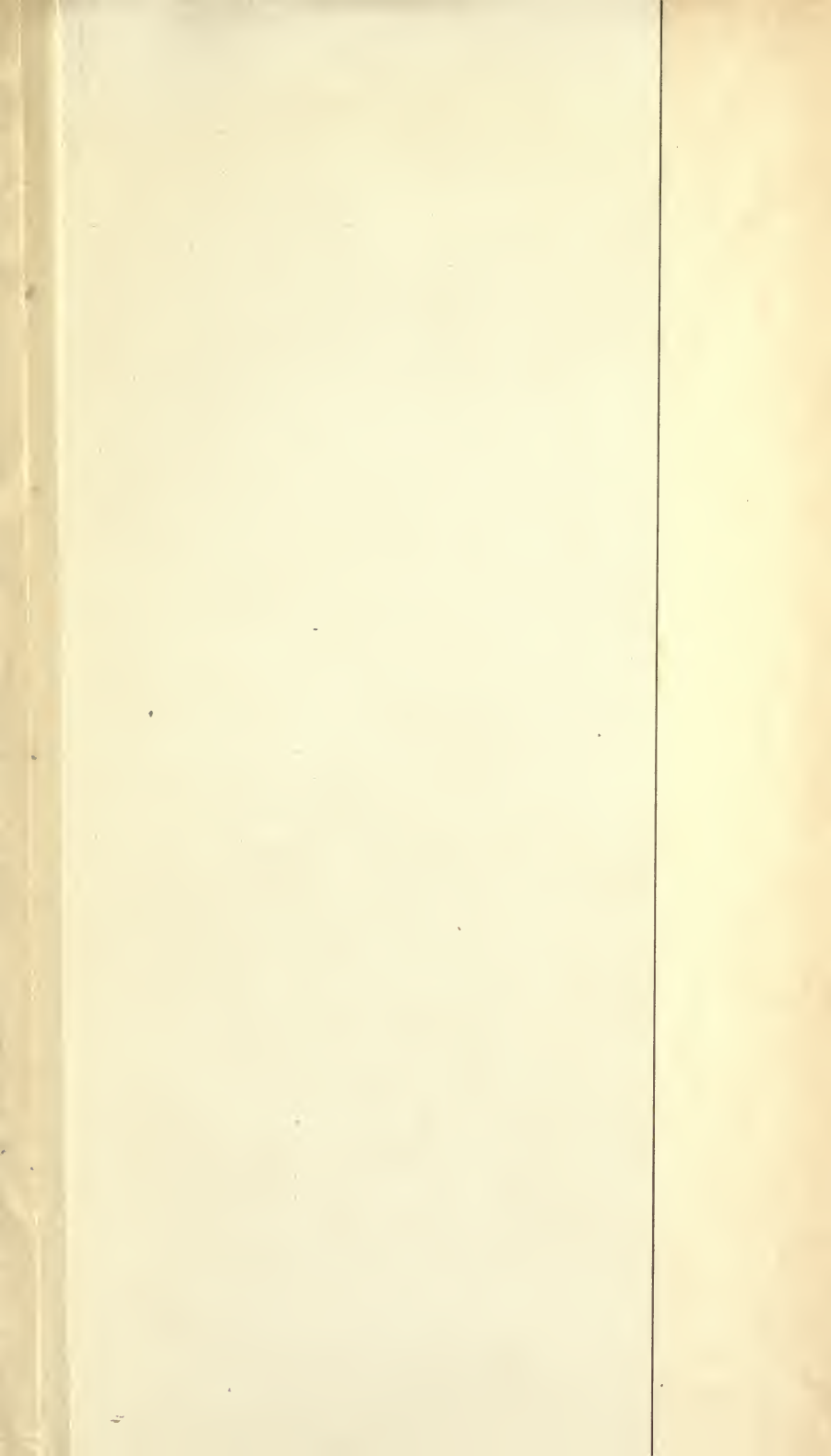
So let it be. The blossom's rosy bell
Whose veined petals and deep-nestled cup
Pollen-emburdened, make for insect borders
Their little world must wither, fade and die
And only the brown stony seed remain.

Yet those for whom far distant suns shall flame
Through unroofed windows and on tiled roofs,
And fretted traceries of silent stone,

For whom the bells shall count the passing hours,
The eager, fervid hours, the anxious hours,
The tranquil hours, the happy golden hours—

May turn to meditate on those past years
When this ancient, sun-kist tower was young;
Bridge the long intervals that intervene,

And dimly read the record of the years,
To find through all the self-same strife, the
To bring our lives to unison with law.



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